



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

safety in audacity. Repeating my order to Cain, and grasping my spear in both hands, I rushed upon the leading shark, and struck it down violently across his nose,— shouting at the same time at the top of my voice,— while Cain, in a perfect agony of fear, gave a loud yell and fell at full length in the water! The manœuvre succeeded; the sharks ran off for deep water; and we took the crown of the ridge, nor looked back, until we had accomplished the one hundred and fifty yards over which we had to wade before we regained the bank!

“ To be devoured by sharks is one of the last deaths that I should choose. At this distance of time, I do not think of the adventure without a shudder. The sea is still as transparent as on that day,— the sea-shells still as bright,— the graceful bass still pants, as he glides doubtingly by,— but these things tempt me not to renew my sport. My mind reverts to other objects: the jagged barb of the stingray, lying in wait for his prey,— and the outstretched jaws of the all-devouring shark, in which I had so narrowly escaped being engulfed! Who can endure the thought of being sepulchred in the ‘ maw and gulf of the ravening salt-sea shark’? Not I!— I speak it in all sincerity. This was *my* last essay,— and I henceforth leave to younger and more adventurous sportsmen the pleasures and perils of *bass-fishing in the surf!*” — pp. 73, 74.

ART. IV. — *Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, MDCCCXLII., with the Inaugural Lecture, delivered in December, MDCCCXLII.*
By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. Edited, from the second London Edition, with a Preface and Notes, by HENRY REED, M. A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1845. 12mo. pp. 428.

THE readers of Stanley’s Memoir of Dr. Arnold will remember the intense interest which the delivery of these Lectures is said to have excited, the unprecedented fulness of the audiences which they drew, and the bright expectations entertained with reference to succeeding courses on

single departments of modern history. For all this we can account only on one of two grounds: either Oxford lectures had become unspeakably dull and stale, so that a living man in a professor's gown was the greatest of novelties; or else Dr. Arnold's person and elocution must have added vastly to the impressiveness of his written discourses. In speaking thus, we would by no means disparage these lectures in the esteem of those who have not read them. Our own expectations may have been raised too high. We yield to none in admiration of Dr. Arnold's life and spirit. We deem him even a *great* man, in the best sense of the word; that is, a man of singularly extensive and well-earned influence, and of very large powers of usefulness. His letters show a mind at once comprehensive and versatile, profound practical wisdom, and, above all, the most prompt and loving sympathy with every mode of human experience and with every phasis of society. But his great strength lay in his sympathy. It was this that gave nerve to his style and vigor to his thoughts. A case in hand, a social emergency, a critical posture of circumstances, uniformly called out and concentrated all his resources of genius and learning. Subjects, however remote or ancient, which could be brought to bear on existing questions, grew beneath his pen, and, though jejune at first sight, were made profitable for reproof and instruction. It was manifestly with this utilitarian aim, that he gladly accepted the professorship of Modern History, hoping to hold the torch of earlier experience to all the great political and social problems of his own day and country. This practical purpose made him weary of more general views, and would have fitted him to treat particular historical epochs with peculiar interest and power. But he was not ready to do this; and besides, he thought it necessary in his introductory course to lay out the whole ground, its dimensions and divisions, and the means and modes of exploring it. We therefore trace in these lectures a perpetual passage from general and abstract views to applications of the lessons of history to his own country, and *vice versa*, according as his official consciousness and his utilitarian instincts by turns preponderated. Then, too, he wrote this course in an exceedingly short space of time, and in the midst of thronging and engrossing avocations. And he never wrote even with a legitimate degree of regard for his own reputation, and was therefore liable to discharge care-

lessly and perfunctorily such portions of his literary labor as had not immediate practical results in view.

The Inaugural Lecture defines history and modern history, and displays to great advantage the author's powers of accurate conception and minute discrimination. The remaining lectures in the volume point out with great clearness and copiousness of illustration the leading points of inquiry, and the great moral ends to be held in view in the study of modern history, and exhibit the range of materials for this pursuit, the order in which they should be employed, and the kind of instruction to be derived from them respectively. The edition before us is enriched by illustrative extracts, principally from Dr. Arnold's other writings, and is one of the too few instances in which an American reprint can proffer substantial grounds of preference over its English prototype.

As we have in former numbers devoted a large space to Dr. Arnold's life and writings, and as we may yet see fit to call the attention of our readers to his edition of Thucydides, the crowning literary labor of his life, we shall offer no further comment on the work before us; but will beg leave to quote from the Inaugural Lecture a couple of sentences, which may serve as a text for the residue of this article.

“ Modern history appears to be not only a step in advance of ancient history, but the last step; it appears to bear marks of the fulness of time, as if there would be no future history beyond it. For the last eighteen hundred years, Greece has fed the human intellect; Rome, taught by Greece and improving upon her teacher, has been the source of law and government and social civilization; and what neither Greece nor Rome could furnish, the perfection of moral and spiritual truth, has been given by Christianity.” — p. 46.

This statement has in it a germ of truth; but it is vague, superficial, and inadequate; and so, to our eye, are most of the multiplied attempts to expound the theory and to trace the steps of man's intellectual, social, and moral advancement. The tendency of humanity towards perfection is an idea so universal among all nations and individuals sufficiently enlightened to speculate on the future, that we might almost believe it innate, and implanted by the Author of our being to aid its own realization. Yet, when we essay to verify this idea by history, we find ourselves perplexed and

bewildered. At first sight, civilization, art, and science seem rather to have *transferred* their seats, than to have enlarged or enriched them, in successive ages. The early arts and greatness of Egypt have been disinterred from her sepulchres. The monuments of Etruscan taste and skill exhibit marks of high culture and refinement on Italian soil, long before the foundations of Rome were laid. Renowned names and deeds come up from the remotest depths of antiquity to rival more recent fame ; and long-buried cities and empires contest the palm of magnificence, splendor, and prowess with those that now make the glory of Christendom. The migration, on the path of the ages, of all that constitutes national greatness is a salient historical fact, which renders the proof of progress exceedingly difficult. But a small portion of the human race at a time has ever pretended to civilization and refinement ; and new spots of earth have been lighted by the torch handed over or snatched from countries left in darkness. Who now will place before us Thebes and Memphis, Athens, Corinth, and Rome, vast and beautiful as they are after the spoliations of lengthened centuries, that we may compare them with the capitals that now give law to art, science, and poetry ? Who will bring back for us in their full strength and richness those great minds whose isolated remains still enter into all liberal culture and are reproduced in all generous literature, that we may measure them side by side with the picked men of our own day, the finished circle of whose intellectual activities and achievements lies before us ? How many Homers, Platos, Horaces, have the last ten centuries produced ? Where are the forms of art to vie with the Parthenon ? Where is the eloquence that can sway at will the waves of a fickle populace, like that of the great Athenian ? Manifestations of art, forms of greatness, have indeed changed. The spirit of our own age, the genius of modern civilization, has few features in common with that of earlier times. And who is to settle for us the doctrine of equivalents ? Who can pronounce with authority, that the elements, which now constitute the cultivation, refinement, and grandeur of Europe and America, surpass in intrinsic worth the very different, but no less numerous and imposing, elements that were to be traced in Egyptian, Persian, or Athenian civilization ? We must beg the question at the outset, if the comparison of these elements respectively be our only means of answering it.

There is, however, a line of investigation which we may follow more successfully. There is always some single principle that underlies every state of society and form of culture. There is always one ruling idea which gives its tone, and form, and impress to an age ; and our present attempt will be to trace the succession of these ruling ideas, and the growth of our race in that succession.

In the infancy of society, mere *physical strength*, mere bone and muscle, was deemed the most noble and precious endowment of humanity. This estimate grew from the first recognized exigencies of man's condition. He found himself in a world which was to be subdued, before it could be used. Giant forests blocked up his path, — a stubborn soil resisted his first rude husbandry, — intractable beasts disputed inch by inch his lordship over nature. Ages elapsed before the invention of such tools and weapons as made the weak man equal to the strong. Under such circumstances, no wonder, that, in the words of Scripture, “a man was famous, according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.” The stalwart frame and sinewy arm were the first patent of nobility. He, before whom the forest fell the fastest, — he, who could pluck the lamb from the wolf's teeth, — he, on whose cabin-rafters the last won bear-skin was never dry, — easily gained the first place in men's hearts, and left an imperishable name. Of this state of things the Hebrew scriptures, the earliest authentic records of the race, afford us abundant testimony. The names and exploits of men of remarkable bodily size and strength are written out with scrupulous fidelity. For several generations of Noah's posterity, we have a mere catalogue of names, with Nimrod, *the mighty hunter*, alone made the subject of special notice. The only element of Samson's greatness was his enormous power of limb. Lame in counsel, fickle in purpose, at once puerile and dissolute, with no title to pre-eminence beyond the brute force that he could wield, he yet “judged [or ruled] Israel forty years.” Saul's athletic proportions are named as his sole qualifications for the throne : “There was not among the children of Israel a goodlier person than he ; from his shoulders and upward, he was higher than any of the people.” David commended himself, first to the confidence of Saul by killing the beasts that preyed upon his father's flock, and then to that of his countrymen collectively by the keen aim and Herculean mus-

cular power that sank the pebbles from the mountain-brook in the Philistine's forehead. We have, in the second book of Samuel, a list of the grandees of David's court, arranged according to the magnitude and daring of their single-handed feats of strength. We might select from the list, as illustrating what in those early ages constituted greatness, the description of Benaiah, who under Solomon united the congenial offices, which the needless fastidiousness of later ages has disjoined, of commander-in-chief and executioner in detail. "He slew," we are told, "two lion-like men of Moab; he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow; and he slew an Egyptian, a goodly man; and the Egyptian had a spear in his hand; but he went down to him with a staff, and plucked the spear out of the Egyptian's hand, and slew him with his own spear. These things did Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, and had the name among three mighty men."

Authentic profane history reaches not back so far as the age of David; but the same features of the early ages, which the sacred record preserves in distinct outline, are portrayed in exaggerated forms in classic fable. The earliest sons of earth were the Titans, who in war with Jupiter piled Ossa upon Pelion, and leafy Olympus upon Ossa. With them we have also the vast Cyclopean monsters, and Briareus with his hundred-armed brethren. From the same mythological antiquity comes down to us the story of Hercules,—the ideal of isolated man in his fullest physical development, but destitute of self-control, of practical wisdom, of the power of combining his energies with those of other men, and of all lofty mental and moral attributes. Though Homer belongs in part to a higher stage of progress, we yet find in the Iliad very numerous traces of this merely physical standard of merit. His Achilles, with now and then a softening touch of magnanimity and tenderness, generally appears an invincible, invulnerable, bloodthirsty man-butcher; and many of the characteristic epithets attached to the names of his heroes denote only different modifications of brute force. Many of his battle scenes in the Trojan war are mere conflicts between man and man, the interest being of the same kind with that which attaches itself to a modern wrestling match between two nearly *égal* champions.

The pyramids and other massive monuments of Egypt tell a like story as to her early standard of greatness. Unsightly,

misshapen structures, as many of them are, they could not have been piled up with any architectural design, but must have been intended simply to astonish and confound posterity by the inconceivable amount of labor expended in their construction.

The earliest employments, for which physical strength was coveted and prized, were probably aggressive only on inanimate nature and savage beasts. But, with the pastoral habits and the roving husbandry of those rude ages, there must soon have sprung up collisions between different families and tribes, at first about the use of pastures and of wells, and then from the habit of quarrelling and the transmission of enmities from generation to generation. But in those primitive times, the rights of soil and of water were contested on the spot by the weapons which nature gave, reinforced by the knotted club alone. Those wars, unlike the modern, were decisive ; the victorious party remained in possession, while the vanquished were not left in a position to negotiate. As the tribes, at first composed of collateral branches of the same family, grew into nations, wars were conducted by greater numbers, but still for many centuries in essentially the same mode. Tactics, stratagem, and military discipline were unknown. When large bodies of men fought with each other, it was by a promiscuous rush and mutual onslaught. But often the armies were only the lookers on, while the fighting was reserved for mere handfuls of men, or for single champions on either side. This last was the case between the Philistines and the Israelites, when the two hosts faced each other day after day on opposite mountains, while Goliath daily challenged the Israelites to produce a man who should decide the conflict with him alone. Many such duels are on record in the earliest periods of profane history.

But war gradually grew into an art, then into a science. In the process of time, there were invented weapons which demanded more skill than strength for their successful use, — weapons, too, which depended for their efficiency on the artificial arrangements and concerted movements of those who wielded them. Fortifications also began to be constructed, to defend the weak against the strong and the few against the many ; and hence the siege, with its complicated tactics, its heavy machinery, its alternate feints, assaults, circumvallations, mining and scaling, often took the place of tumultuous warfare on the open field. Success in war then demanded a higher

order of talent than before. A strong man was no longer of necessity a great one. Hercules would probably have never left the ranks. To plan campaigns, to arrange supplies, to ascertain the capacity of places and positions, to inspire confidence and courage, to furnish in one's own character rallying-points for the enthusiasm of thousands, to be at once careful and long-sighted for the future and prompt and keen for the present emergency, to be no less sagacious than brave, no less prudent than resolute, — these were the functions demanded of the general, as the art of war developed itself. And in the supreme homage which now began to be paid to *military talent* we trace the first marked stage in the progress of society. And a very important stage this was ; for military talent, though employed for an end on which humanity frowns and to which true religion lends no sanction, was still talent, and not mere muscle ; it was mind and soul, and was connected with many commanding virtues and lofty manifestations of character. The supremacy of military genius lasted from the early days of Greece down to the Middle Ages. For that whole period, the great commander was the great man, and victory the surest avenue to fame.

The Grecian states were military aristocracies ; and deeds of arms, conquests and defeats, constitute almost the only epochs in their history. No man, who had not served in the armies, was deemed worthy a place among men ; and of those who distinguished themselves in other departments, most, like Socrates, had received an honorable discharge from the toils of war. Only in Athens did literature, philosophy, and pure art win largely on the popular esteem ; and even there they occupied the second rank and discharged a servile office. The great Attic historians were chiefly chroniclers of the wars of Greece. Poetry was most prized as embalming the fame of heroes, and keeping the laurels of victory green. Art transmitted in enduring marble the exploits of Marathon and of Salamis, or expended her highest efforts in honor of the tutelar Minerva, — the goddess much more of war than of wisdom. The state of the Grecian mind as to letters may be judged from the relative estimation in which Homer's two great epics were held. Immemorial tradition makes the Iliad his masterpiece ; and modern scholars therefore deem themselves bound to regard it with unlimited admiration, and to trace marks of servility in the very features of

the *Odyssey* that give it its greatest naturalness and beauty. But the youth who brings to both a mind untrammelled by the prescriptive authority of great names reads the *Iliad*, while he revels in the *Odyssey* ; and if, instead of having been always known and commented upon, they had both been just now disinterred from age-long oblivion, and placed side by side for the unbiased verdict of modern Christendom, we doubt not that the *Odyssey* would bear the palm. It is evidently the fruit of riper genius, — it is richer than the *Iliad* both in incident and in character, — it is full of those portraiture of common life, of those touches of unsophisticated nature, that never grow old, — it unfolds the varied workings of passion, love, hatred, curiosity, fidelity, devotion, in an endless diversity of scene and circumstance, — it domesticates us with its heroes, and, from the swineherd to the king, gives us a series of speaking likenesses, which, once beheld, hang forever in the picture-gallery of the imagination. But the *Odyssey* was undervalued, almost despised, in the land of its birth, while the *Iliad* was the great national epic ; and for this reason chiefly, that the latter was the story of arms and battles, — the former, of inglorious disappointments, wanderings, and shipwrecks.

Conquered Greece was still the home of art and science, *provincial* Athens was still the literary capital of the world ; but, when conquered and provincial, no longer honored. The Romans, who borrowed thence all their art and learning, and much of whose choicest literature is only free translation from the Greek, despised the Greeks as a mere nation of scholars, and hardly deigned to speak of them except as *Græculi*. Rome, indeed, was the most purely and entirely military state of which we have any record. Its brief intervals of peace were but armed truces. It staked its very existence on conquest. Vanquished cities and provinces raised its corn, paid its revenue, fed its populace, clothed its armies. Its most honored men were skilful and successful military leaders ; and their civic virtues, when enumerated by Roman historians, are simply sketched as a background for the warrior's portrait. The kings, and afterwards the consuls, were supreme commanders in war, and, with rare exceptions, were elevated to office for their high military endowments ; and when the republic fell, the title attached to the purple and the throne was not that of simple royalty, but, what was

deemed an infinitely higher object of ambition, *Imperator*, — the degree which, in the days of the republic, had been conferred on eminent generals after distinguished victories. The magnificent historians, the renowned poets of Rome, were mere hangers-on in the train of honored military leaders or sovereigns, and sought not the world-embracing glory that they have found, but merely tolerance as eulogists and flatterers of a prowess which they could only praise without emulating. Cicero (who perhaps was deficient in that personal courage which with the Romans was the soul of virtue, and whose military career, though reputable, failed of the honors of a triumph, and won him no durable fame), unaware that his philosophy and eloquence would do more for his name with posterity than a thousand conquered cities, labored on no point so perseveringly and strenuously as in the endeavour to convince his fellow-citizens that his unarmed defeat of Catiline's conspiracy was virtually a high military achievement, entitling him to a place among the laurelled commanders of the republic. His dragging in of this topic on occasions the most irrelevant, his reiteration of it with the most indelicate egotism, show conclusively that he regarded military fame as alone worthy and immortal.

The northern nations that overran the Roman empire had the same standard of glory. Nay, among some of them, it was deemed infamous to die a natural death by the act of God ; so that the surviving leader of a hundred battles, when he found himself sinking by nature's kind decay, carved the characters of his rude war-song with his own sword in his own veins, and shed in suicide the blood which his enemies had spared.

These nations transmitted their spirit to the new European states that sprang from the dissolution of the western empire, in none of which could a pacific monarch keep his throne, or an unwarlike subject win an honored place. From the nations thus formed came the institutions of chivalry, designed and adapted solely to cherish and reward military skill and prowess, which gave their type to the whole of the Middle Ages. There was no title or office to which the knight might not aspire, by virtue of his science or success in arms. Monarchs were not complete in dignity, till the honors of knighthood had decked the sceptre. In every European kingdom, the noble once knighted was his monarch's peer ;

and the instances were by no means few, in which insurgent nobles were, not fought against as rebels involved in the atrocity of civil war, but contended with and treated with on terms of equality, by their nominal sovereigns. Literature now awoke from her age-long slumber in the songs of the Troubadours, whose lays were of deeds of valor, and of love and beauty as the prize of the brave alone. The crusades, seconded, indeed, by religious fanaticism and by national antipathies, are to be regarded chiefly as a fierce and desperate outbreak of the military spirit. They could not have been conducted as they were for two centuries, with immense apparatus and at the most appalling sacrifice, for the mere purpose of defending pilgrims and rescuing the holy sepulchre. But Europe and its broils presented too narrow a theatre for all the restless and ambitious spirits that sought glory in what was then the only avenue to glory ; and the vast field of Oriental warfare was therefore laid open and kept open by multitudes who were determined not to die without the insignia of command and of victory. The armies of Christendom then bristled with innumerable heroes, each aspiring to deathless renown. But the very weight of their names broke down the car of fame. They trod one another into oblivion. They gorged, far beyond repletion, the universal appetite for heroism, and thus prepared the way for a new standard of greatness and a new stage in the progress of humanity.

The habits of command on the one hand, and of submission on the other, generated by centuries of war, extended themselves into the ensuing period of repose. Those who had been leaders in the field retained the allegiance and homage of their followers. War, essentially aristocratic, had introduced broad marks of distinction between those in command and those under command ; and these marks had been in numerous instances transmitted for more than one generation, the knight or captain training his son for honorable posts in the profession of arms, while the common soldier bequeathed to his son the undistinguished toils and burdens of the field. The termination of the crusades left the military commanders all over Christendom possessed of controlling authority and influence, and the objects of universal veneration ; and, in the general weariness and exhaustion after long strife, and willingness to court repose at all hazards, they were enabled to secure in perpetuity for their families such titles, immunities,

and privileges, as constituted them a distinct order from their fellow-citizens. At this era, noble birth presents itself as the prime object of general esteem and deference. *Hereditary rank* was revered and worshipped, as physical strength and military prowess had successively been before. This was a step in advance of preceding times ; for in families surrounded by the advantages of fortune, in men born to fill a large and honored place, there were likely to be combined many of the traits and acquirements most deserving of esteem. In point of fact, though in the light of our own day the feudal barons present many repulsive points of character, we yet can trace in them the outlines of many great and beneficent virtues, — of magnanimity, hospitality, truthfulness, and sincere though blind religious reverence. The halls and castles of the hereditary aristocracy became also the nurseries of all the arts and refinements of modern social life, and radiating points for forms of civilization that were to extend through whole communities.

We shall not, of course, be understood as intimating that the idea of hereditary rank had its origin in the Middle Ages. Did we say this, all history would bely us. From the earliest times, the reigning monarch always transmitted his sceptre to his son, *if he could* ; but he generally left him in a condition to enforce his claim, and hereditary succession seems to have been tolerated rather than revered, except in Judea, where the expectation of the Messiah in the royal line of David kept his race sacred even in dethronement and exile. In all other kingdoms there was a frequent change of dynasty, and a long reigning family always became unpopular. We find, also, the germs of an hereditary aristocracy in the patrician families in Rome ; but one could always cut his way into the patrician ranks by the sword ; in the best days of the republic, a man of ignoble birth might, by preëminent merit, enrol himself among the oldest names in the senate ; and under the emperors, there was no patrician privilege, immunity, or office, which was not open even to the emancipated slave. Hereditary rank, as an indelible characteristic of persons and families, had its origin in the northern nations, and seems not to have been invested with its full sacredness and power till the feudal ages, when persons of royal and noble descent seem to have been regarded as formed of a

purer clay and endowed with a more celestial spirit than the mass of serfs and subjects.

But this state of things lasted only till it had served its purpose. It kept society in quietness, till new, more powerful, more beneficent elements were brought into action. Hereditary rank, indeed, is still recognized in every kingdom in Europe, but the glory has departed from it. It is no longer revered as of divine appointment, or of intrinsic worth ; but for the most part suffered for the security of ancient institutions, or to feed harmless vanity. Royal families are kept on the throne, not now as God's chosen and anointed, but to prevent the commotions that might attend the election of monarchs, and to preserve from the rush of greedy aspirants an office which may long retain its pomp and glitter, but which, because hereditary, has in many monarchies been constrained to yield increasing portions of its power to ministries, that do the people's bidding, or resign. In France, the landmarks of hereditary nobility were swept away by the revolution, and the few surviving representatives of ancient families share the doubtful honor with multitudes that care not to name their grandfathers. In Germany, Italy, and Spain, the titles and the pride of the nobility remain, but often, under circumstances of outward depression, distinguished from plebeian penury only by laziness and ill-temper. In England, the oldest nobles now part their once serried ranks to admit on equal footing the aristocracy of wealth and talent, raised from the most obscure parentage and the humblest walks in life.

But we must return to trace the next stage of social progress. In the age immediately following the last crusade, the cities of Europe were small, poor, of almost no political significance, their population little advanced in the arts of life, their strong men and available resources exhausted by incessant drafts for the support of war. The baronial castles were centres of far more influence than the most populous cities, and the name of a citizen had only plebeian and servile associations connected with it. But with peace industry awoke. The useful arts were stimulated into rapid growth. Manufacturing skill and enterprise increased with amazing rapidity, especially in Flanders, Germany, and France. The mariner's compass, too, in the fifteenth century, converted commerce from a paltry and precarious coasting-trade

into an annual circulation of the wealth of empires. Sails whitened every sea and girdled every zone. The stormy Cape of Good Hope was doubled ; the New World rose to view from the vast waste of waters ; and the treasures of both Indies were poured into the lap of Europe. The useful and lucrative pursuits of manufactures and commerce were of course despised by the titled aristocracy, and thus fell into the hands of private citizens, chiefly in what are now the great cities of Europe ; and by the wealth and power which flowed in upon them through these channels, the commons, from mere retainers upon titled greatness and loiterers for the crumbs of royal or aristocratic favor disdainfully bestowed, became at once a separate estate, prepared in substantial influence to vie with the nobility. As they grew rich, the cities were enabled to secure for themselves, by purchase or negotiation, important immunities and privileges, — corporate rights and powers, that defended them from the encroachments of the nobles and the oppression of the crown, — corporate rights also for separate guilds and crafts, adapted to the protection and advancement of every form of industry.

From that era, almost to the present time, wealth has manifestly been the chief object of pursuit and desire throughout the civilized world. And this must be regarded as an onward step in the progress of the race. Not that wealth is in itself any more venerable than strength, or prowess, or noble birth. But, so far as its acquisition is left free, it is the representative of many civic virtues, and of many reasonable and worthy objects of desire. It cannot be obtained without intelligence, enterprise, industry, and thrift. It can hardly be enjoyed, without encouraging art, skill, and science, and diffusing substantial good at every stage of its circulation.

The era of Mammon-worship has been an era of unprecedented improvement in all that contributes to the outward comfort and beauty of life. It has stimulated inventive genius, completed the division of labor, brought machinery to a point of perfection which cannot easily be surpassed, levelled mountains, filled up valleys, founded vast empires in the wilderness, united continents, and woven, with its steam-driven shuttles, bonds of common interest, neighbourhood, and fraternity between the most distant nations. It is manifest, that, in the generations next preceding our own, wealth has been the chief medium of extended civilization, the mainspring

of enterprise and effort, the arbiter of the destiny of Christendom. The merchant princes of Europe have held the balance of the nations. The great commercial cities have given law to the world. The Rothschilds would have lost power, had they emptied their coffers, and taken their choice of thrones.

Nowhere has wealth wrought such miracles as in Great Britain. The Reform Bill, in itself a revolution hardly less important than that which exiled the last of the Stuarts, was merely a victory of pounds sterling over ancestral titles and entailed honors. The vast Eastern possessions of England have been won and kept far less by British arms and diplomacy than by British gold. The old nobility has sustained its magnificence only by frequent alliances with plebeian wealth, and by engrafted scions from the counting-room and the banking-house.

In this country, unless the pursuit has been of late relaxed, the universal scramble has been for wealth. This passion glowed even in the bosoms of the stern, iron-hearted Puritans, and the more fiercely, because it was the only earthly fire left burning. Their ascetic morality frowned on all amusement and relaxation, — on all the appliances of taste and elegance. They suppressed the forthputtings of fancy, and clipped all beautiful plumage from the wings of genius. They cast out every other idol from the temple, but left the colossal image of Mammon, “the abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not.” It would seem as if the whole force of desire, enthusiasm, and ambition, ready to leap out in a thousand directions, had been pent up at all except this single vent, and here poured forth with overwhelming speed and power. British enterprise early saw, in the cupidity of the colonists, a rivalry to be suppressed by no gentle means ; and it was to this one point, the binding down in poverty of provinces that would be rich, that the whole machinery of British usurpation and oppression was directed. Emigration from New England has diffused throughout the country this indomitable spirit of gain, insomuch that foreigners, however discourteous, have hardly been chargeable with injustice in styling our republic a *plutocracy*. This state of things has left in our language one singular vestige of itself, which will no doubt long survive it, in that heathenish phrase (we are glad to find that it is not wholly an Ameri-

canism), by which we call a man *worth* as much money as he owns, — by which Fulton is said to have been worth nothing, and that comical old fool, Timothy Dexter, to have been worth half a million.

Meanwhile, a new principle of greatness has been cherished in the bosom of wealth, and has now, we trust, superseded it, so as to characterize the present age. We refer to *intellectual greatness*. This, indeed, has been wanting in no age, and in none unhonored ; but it has not, until our own day, been generally regarded as the supreme good. In former times, the most liberal culture of mind and the loftiest genius were neglected and despised, when not allied to rank or wealth. Milton selling the first edition of *Paradise Lost* for *five pounds* ; Otway choked by the godsend of a penny roll, after protracted fasting ; Goldsmith mining, with unsurpassed felicity, every vein of intellectual wealth, and yet dying of desertion and want, are but too faithful memorials of what literary destiny has been. Parasitic plants used to be the only ones from the garden of the Muses, that would flourish under a European sky. Mere literature or science would not keep a man's soul and body together, much less raise him to honor in his lifetime, though it might build him a splendid sepulchre. In order to live, he had to be a laureat, a sycophant, a caterer for aristocratic fancies, a pensioned flatterer of royalty, or, if none of these, his publisher's submissive drudge and man-of-all-work ; and even at his best estate, he had to be looked down upon with lordly patronage by men unutterably his inferiors.

The modern revival of industry found the civilized nations of Europe barren of domestic elegance and comfort ; and many generations of growing wealth were occupied in perfecting the physical enjoyment of the prosperous classes of society. How great a work this was, and how essential in many of its departments, our readers may judge, by remembering, that, within the period referred to, it has been deemed gross prodigality for one of the peers of the British realm to have his dining-room strewed with fresh straw and litter every morning, as is the practice now in good stables. But since the wants of the body had been thoroughly cared for, and the last refinement of luxury reached, men, rich men all the world over, have bethought themselves that they had minds also, higher tastes that craved gratification, powers that de-

manded culture, susceptibilities which a whole universe of beauty and grandeur could only stimulate, not fill. Knowledge, art, literature, science, have now become universal, absorbing, paramount needs of civilized man ; and those who supply the most urgent needs of an age are always its great men. The homes, the burial-places of artists, poets, scholars, are now everywhere shrines for pilgrimage. When asked for the list of great men in any country, we hardly let our minds rest on the commanders, the titled heads, or the *millionaires*, but fill the catalogue with those who, by pencil or chisel, pen or tongue, have given new impulses to the minds of their race, and left memorials of themselves, that can perish only when taste dies out, and sensibility expires, and mind sheds its powers as the autumnal forests their leaves. The aristocracy of the world is now an aristocracy of intellect. The gifts of mind are deemed the best gifts. Every one, possessed of any ambition, wishes to be known as a person of large, or sound, or well-furnished intellect ; and the reproach of ignorance, weakness, or folly, is dreaded as the deepest possible stigma.

But these strong intellectual tendencies, while they are to be rejoiced in so far as they go, still leave us much to desire. It is to be feared, that, in the general reverence now paid to intellect, the affections are undervalued, the moral life held in low esteem, the greatness of a pure, true, loving heart depressed far beneath its true place in the regard of society at large. We may trace alarming moral deficiencies in the spirit of our times. Ours is not an age of reverence. Its great men, its strong men, are too often mere Titans, children of the earth, who renew their vigor from their parent soil, and not by converse with a higher sphere of being. There is too much of self-reliance, too little of faith and trust. Even philanthropy, instead of laying one hand on the eternal throne, and with the other scattering gifts for men, with suicidal madness divorces herself from the altar, and welcomes to her service those that blaspheme as cordially as those that pray. This is an age of skepticism, — not, indeed, of avowed and scoffing infidelity, but of feeble faith in whatever transcends the scope of the individual's own senses and intuitions. Men are too prone, in the pride of intellect, to imagine that they have in their own minds the metes and bounds of eternal truth, and need no teaching

from without. There is a prevalent reluctance to receive truth on authority, no matter how venerable, or how distinctly marked by the attestation of Heaven.

But there is a higher life in reserve for our race. There is a higher style of greatness, which men will soon learn to recognize and revere. It is *moral greatness*, — the life of the affections, — the life of reverence, faith, and love, — the life of God in the soul of man. This alone can finally satisfy human desire ; for man's aim has always been after the absolute and the perfect, and in the life of the affections only is this to be reached. How wide a contrast, as to man's power of attainment, is there between mental and moral greatness ! Our growth in knowledge is growth in conscious ignorance. The dimensions of truth enlarge before us faster than our conceptions of it. Perfect knowledge, perfect wisdom, are unknown terms this side of heaven. But in moral goodness we are bidden and encouraged to be perfect, — to be the followers of God, — to leave no possible virtue or grace of character out of the scope of our effort or our hope. How strikingly is the contrast between the absolute and permanent worth of mental and moral greatness respectively brought out by the history of those periods when both of them have been undervalued ! The wisest men have always been outgrown in a few generations, and the ignorance of men who filled the world with their renown becomes the laughing-stock of school-boys. We look down upon ancient wisdom as men used to look up to it, and future children will learn in their infant schools what is known only to the greatest minds of the present day. But a good man the world never outgrows, never looks down upon. Socrates and Antoninus Pius, Elijah and Daniel, St. Stephen and St. Paul, fill as large and high a place in the world's eye as if they had just died. Fénelon, Howard, Oberlin, will seem to the end of time to have reached as lofty a moral elevation as that on which they stand to our view. The stars in the galaxy of moral excellence never grow dim, nor can they be outshone.

This last stage of progress, this final era of humanity, yet remains, — the era when there shall be recognized no form of greatness apart from moral goodness, — when art, science, genius, poetry, shall draw their inspiration from heaven, and shall be but ministering spirits to faith, hope, and

love. And though we discern only the faint dawn of this era, we are not without its authentic record. Far back in the world's rude infancy, when strength of limb was enough to make a man great, there were written predictions of a golden age to come, when the love of God should be the all-pervading principle, when men should learn war no more, when the waste places of humanity should rejoice, and the wilderness blossom. It is for these days, foreshown in visions from heaven to those ancient seers, that our earnest expectation now waits. It is to roll them on that every true man should gird himself with inward strength, that he may do his part in writing out in the annals of soon coming generations the brightest pages of prophecy.

We have, as we proposed, enumerated several forms of greatness, as having successively occupied the brightest place in the general esteem. We do not, of course, mean to intimate that these forms of greatness have not all existed in every age. Of both mental and moral greatness we find in the remotest antiquity specimens on which we look with the most profound reverence. The true question, however, is not how *we* look upon those great men, but how they were regarded by their contemporaries. The present age has, perhaps, no greater minds than those of Socrates and Seneca; but would Socrates, in our day, in the intellectual capital of the world, be made to drink the hemlock, or Seneca be left the choice of dying by another's steel or his own, simply because they made a free and noble use of the powers that God had given them? The moral stature of the prophets and the apostles may never be surpassed; but has not the day for ever gone by, when, for their very goodness, in civilized communities, men can be sawn asunder, beheaded, and crucified? The progress which we have sought to trace consists, not in individual instances of character, but in the general sentiment of civilized man; and we have endeavoured to take each successive age, and not our own, for our point of view.

The view now presented suggests an answer to the question, whether civilization will be permanent in its present seats. In the ages that have gone, it has often changed its seats,—indeed, from the earliest times, has moved perpetually in a westward path. What assurance can Europe have that the same mysterious law may not transfer her glory to

the New World ? What assurance have we, that, if we reach the summit of civilization and refinement, we may not afterwards sink as low as Egypt, Persia, and Greece have fallen, while new empires on our Pacific shores kindle their altars from our waning fires ? We reply, that, with every stage of progress, civilization embraces more and more individuals, extends to a larger and larger portion of the community, and of course is less and less liable to be exterminated or transferred. When strength of limb was the standard of greatness, there were few great men, and no civilization. Military eminence was within the reach of many more, yet of but a limited number ; for the common soldiers must always bear an overwhelmingly large proportion to the leaders. But military talent depends on successful exercise both for its culture and its glory. Conquest annihilates it, and with it the forms of civilization for which it serves as a nucleus. Now this simple statement tells the story of all ancient and buried civilization. It was military in its source, its style, its nutriment, and its aims. It clustered around the place of arms. It shed its fullest light on laurelled heads ; and when they were laid low in hopeless defeat, the civilization, of which they had been the centre, perished with them. In the history of the earlier nations, we find that in every instance the conquest of the nation preceded its marked decline in civilization, and preceded it by so brief a space of time, as to establish an undoubted relation of cause and effect. Hereditary rank, the next order of greatness, admits a still larger number within its pale ; yet family distinction has necessary and rather narrow limits, beyond which it would be too cheap to be either prized or honored. When wealth comes in as the ruling object of desire, there is room for more numerous and more miscellaneous competitors, though the harvest is small compared with the multitude of the reapers, and the poor will probably always outnumber the rich. The aristocracy of mind admits a still broader and more generous competition. And in the substitution of these two open and easily attainable forms of aristocracy for the more exclusive standards of greatness that preceded them, we see the reason, why, since the Middle Ages, civilization has remained and grown in the same seats, though its seats have often been swept by conquering armies, ground by oppression, harassed by chronic misrule. Ger-

many and the Netherlands have passed through political fortunes that would in ancient times have crushed out all traces of civilization ; yet there has been in those countries a constant growth in all the elements of individual and social well-being, because no change of master or form of tyranny has been able to subdue the wealth-creating spirit of industry and enterprise, or to suppress the birth of genius and the onward march of intellect.

But hitherto the world has seen only aristocracies ; and that of mind, though more free and noble than any other, is still to a certain degree exclusive. Its prizes are not for all sincere and meritorious aspirants. Of the honors that many seek many must fail, whether for lack of native power or of adequate opportunity. But when moral greatness is the object of universal admiration and desire, then, and not till then, shall we witness a truly republican condition of society ; for of moral excellence, of eminent goodness, no seeker can fail. A more than human teacher declared, “ In my Father’s house are many mansions,” — yea, an open and honored place for all that enter in. It is a civilization founded on moral culture, on the life of the affections, that must yet be the great levelling principle in human society, equalizing all conditions of life, ennobling all lawful avocations, encircling with its zone of the kindest sympathies the loftiest and the lowliest dwellings.

There is hope for the speedy advent of this millennial condition of society in the fact, that the several principles of greatness that have been revered in successive ages have supplanted one another, each with more and more rapid footsteps than the preceding. For the first half of the world’s history we trace no higher principle than brute force. The ascendancy of the military spirit marks the next two thousand years. But the reverence of birth, of wealth, of intellect, have succeeded each other by much shorter intervals ; and moral greatness is even now, we trust, fast winning the ascendancy. In abounding irreverence and skepticism we may yet discern the dayspring of a brighter era. With the accumulated power and awakened energy of Christendom, concentrated, as it is beginning to be, on moral objects and for philanthropic ends, years may do the work which centuries have done. Christian benevolence already belts the globe. Art lends its fire-wings ; science its eagle vision ; wisdom its age-gathered

treasury. We will hope, then, that an early posterity may witness the entire supremacy of faith, truth, and love.

One topic more, and we have done. In the attempt to trace the uninterrupted progress of mankind, the Dark Ages, unfortunately so called, are always a stumblingblock ; and our work would be incomplete, did we not offer a few hints towards the interpretation of their phenomena. We regard these ages as the most progressive period of the world's history. To make this clear, we will ask our readers to look with us for a moment at the vaunted civilization of the Augustan era, which was rotten to the very core, — its literature grossly licentious, — its domestic forms and manners vile, — its whole basis and framework utterly vicious and depraved. Forms of impurity, that have no longer a name, were practised without disguise, sanctioned by the most venerable examples, surrounded with all the fascinations which art, taste, and song could bestow. Virtue was a mere forensic word, — goodness a forensic idea, connected with a man's allegiance to the state, his courage in war, or fidelity in public trusts. There were no words to describe, no standards to measure, what we call personal worth, private character, home virtue. Causeless divorce and foul lusts deformed the households of those deemed Rome's best men. Justice, too, had left the Roman courts, once inflexible in their integrity ; and the forensic monuments of the age under review only indicate an overwhelming mass of private fraud and wrong, sustained by the forms of law and endorsed by its mercenary ministers. Nor ought we, in the moral portraiture of this era, to omit its favorite amusements, — the mortal conflicts of gladiators and doomed men with savage beasts, which were frequented, not by the populace alone, but by the rank, wealth, beauty, fashion, refinement of the Imperial City ; were given as public entertainments by the most illustrious and the best men, in seeking or acknowledging the favor of the people ; had grouped around themselves associations of the highest dignity and glory ; and were deemed essential portions of the public administration.

Christendom sank into the Dark Ages (so called) with these corruptions still clinging to its skirts. It emerged from them with the germ of almost every social idea and institution that now blesses the world. The providence of God, in the destruction of the western empire, annihilated this festering

mass of sin, with which Christianity could not have contracted alliance without stain, and left Europe for a season without literature or art, without established manners or customs, to recommence under higher and Christian auspices the organization of domestic and social life. And these ages have seemed dark, because during their lapse the foundations of almost every department of human society had to be laid anew, and were laid so deep as to elude the eye of the superficial observer. But during these ages, so often vilified, the homes of Europe grew into being, with the fair sisterhood of virtues which alone can make them blessed ; and the arts, supposed by many to have been slumbering, because they were no longer busy about the shrines of vile divinities, were employed in carrying domestic architecture rapidly forward towards its present standard of refinement, comfort, and beauty. The marriage contract, with the numberless rights and interests dependent upon it, was placed upon its present firm tenure. At the same time, the barbarous code of ancient warfare was greatly modified by the infusion of sentiments of justice and humanity, unknown to any earlier age. The rights of enemies were defined and held sacred. The foe that surrendered was spared ; and the lives, and often the effects, of the unarmed and helpless were held sacred. The mock fight of the tournament, rude indeed, but seldom fatal, took the place of the bloody sports of the old world. The institutions of chivalry, which bear date in these ages, embody many of the highest and most worthy principles, such as delicate respect for female character and virtue, kindness to the sick and helpless, hospitality to the stranger, courtesy to the brave, forbearance to the fallen. Hospitals, too, were everywhere established, and many munificent public charities, still existing, were founded. Of many of the monasteries of those times the Good Samaritan might have been prior, without losing character. Vast contributions, too, were going forth from Christendom for the redemption from the piratical states of Barbary of poor and unknown captives, whose only claim was, that they were brother-men and fellow-Christians.

We have said these things, only to indicate, not to complete, a course of argument by which our theory of the unintermittent progress of humanity may be relieved of the chief historical difficulty that seems to lie in its way. It is a theory which we embrace with the whole heart, and earnestly com-

mend to our readers. And if mankind be thus passing ever onward to a nobler state and a higher destiny, let the race have our favoring efforts, our sincere godspeed, — our voice and arm ever on the side of justice, freedom, progress, and humanity.

ART. V. — Wiley and Putnam's Library of American Books.
Nos. IV., IX., and XII.

1. *The Wigwam and the Cabin.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS, Author of *The Yemassee*, *Guy Rivers*, &c. First and Second Series. New York. 1845—6. 12mo.
2. *Views and Reviews in American History, Literature, and Fiction.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS. First Series. New York. 1845. 12mo. pp. 238.

THE author of *The Yemassee*, *Guy Rivers*, *Life of Marion*, and a good many other things of that sort, is a writer of great pretensions and some local reputation. We remember to have read, in some one of the numerous journals which have been illustrated by his genius, an amusing explanation from his pen, addressed to persons who had applied to him for information, of the difference between author and publisher, — the object of it being evidently to tell the public that he was often written to by persons who, being anxious to get his works, very naturally fancied that he was the proper person to obtain them from, and to let the applicants know that the trade part of the book business was in quite different hands. We were struck by the ingenuity of the announcement, and grateful for the information thus condescendingly imparted. We availed ourselves of it to procure some of the volumes, which we proceeded forthwith to read and inwardly digest. Both of these processes were attended with no ordinary difficulties ; but we believe we were uncommonly successful at last.

The author of these novels means to be understood as setting up for an original, patriotic, native American writer ; but we are convinced that every judicious reader will set him down as uncommonly deficient in the first elements of orig-